Buſh. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)
Queene. Tis nothing leſſe, Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, thar is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
Greene. God ſaue your Maieſtie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauenſpurgh.*
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction, traytours?
Greene. We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worceſter,
Hath broke his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbroke*
Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Queene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,